(Henry *sits in the armchair by the fire.)* Get your boots off, Henry; Elizabeth's that prying she notices the least **speck** of dirt.

Henry I'm wondering if they'll come at all. When you and Elizabeth quarrelled she said she'd never set foot in your house again.

Mrs. Slater She'll come fast enough after her share of what grandfather's left. You know how hard she can be when she likes. Where she gets it from, I can't tell (Mrs. Slater. *unwraps the parcel* Henry *has brought. It contains an apple pie, which she puts on a dish on the table.)*

Henry I suppose it's in the family.

Mrs. Slater What do you mean by that. Henry Slater?

Henry I was referring to your father, not to you. Where are my slippers?

Mrs. Slater In the kitchen; but you want a new pair, those old ones, are nearly worn out. *(Nearly breaking down.)* You don't seem to realize what it's costing me to bear up like I am doing. My heart's fit to break when I see the little trifles that belonged to grandfather lying around, and think he'll never use them again. *(Briskly) Here*! You'd better wear these slippers of grandfather's now. It's lucky he'd just got a new pair-

Henry They'll be very small for me, my dear.

Mrs. Slater They'll stretch, won't they? I'm not going to have them wasted. *(She has finished laying the table.)* Henry, I've been thinking about that **bureau** of grandfather's that's in his bedroom. You know I always wanted to have it after he died.

Henry You must arrange with Elizabeth when you're dividing things up.

Mrs. Slater Elizabeth's that sharp she'll see I'm after it, and she'll drive a hard bargain over it. Eh, what it is to have a low money – grubbing spirit!

Henry Perhaps she's got her eye on the bureau as well.

Mrs. Slater She's never been here since grandfather bought it. If it was only down here instead of in his room, she'd never guess it wasn't our own.

Henry *(startled)* Amelia! *(He rises.)*

Mrs. Slater Henry, why shouldn't we bring that bureau down here now? We could do it before they come.

Henry *(**stupefied**)* I wouldn't care to.

Mrs. Slater Don't look so daft. Why not?

Henry It doesn't seem delicate, somehow.

Mrs. Slater We could put that **shabby** old chest of drawers upstairs where the bureau is now. Elizabeth could have that and welcome. I've always wanted to get rid of it.
(She points to the drawers.)

Henry Suppose they come when we're doing it.

Mrs. Slater I'll fasten the front door. Get your coat off. Henry; we'll change it. (Mrs. Slater *goes out to fasten the front door.* Henry *takes his coat off.* Mrs. Slater *reappears.*)

Mrs. Slater I'll run up and move the chairs out of the way.
(Victoria *appears, dressed according to her mother's instructions.*)

Victoria Will you fasten my frock up the back, mother?

Mrs. Slater I'm busy; get your father to do it.
(Mrs. Slater: *hurries upstairs, and* Henry *fastens the frock.*)

Victoria What have you got your coat off for, Father?

Henry Mother and me is going to bring grandfather's bureau down here.

Victoria *(after a moment's thought.)* Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?

Henry *(shocked)* No, my child. Grandpa gave it to your mother before he died.

Victoria This morning?

Henry Yes.

Victoria Ah! He was drunk this morning.

Henry Hush; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now. (Henry *has fastened the frock, and* Mrs. Slater *appears carrying a handsome clock under her arm.)*

Mrs. Slater I thought I'd fetch this down as well. *(She puts it on the mantelpiece.)* Our clock's worth nothing and this always appealed to me.

Victoria That's grandpa's clock.

Mrs. Slater Be quit! It's ours now. Come Henry, lift your end. Victoria, don't breathe a word to your aunt about the clock and the bureau. *(They carry the chest of drawers through the doorway.)*

Victoria *(to herself)* I thought we'd pinched them.

(After a short pause there is a sharp knock at the front door.)

Mrs. Slater *(from upstairs)* Victoria, if that's your aunt and uncle you're not to open the door.

(Victoria *peeps through the window.*)

Victoria Mother, It's them.

Mrs. Slater You're not to open the door till I come down. *(Knocking repeated.)* Let them knock away. *(There is a heavy bumping noise.)* Mind the wall. Henry. (Henry and Mrs. Slater, *very hot and flushed, stagger in with a pretty old- fashioned bureau containing a locked desk. They put it where the chest of drawers was, and straighten the ornaments, etc. The knocking is repeated.)*

Mrs. Slater That was a near thing. Open the door, Victoria. Now, Henry, get your coat on. *(She helps him.)*

Henry Did we knock much plaster off the wall?

Mrs. Slater Never mind the plaster. Do I look all right? *(Straightening her hair at the glass.)* Just watch Elizabeth's face when she sees we're all in half-mourning. *(Throwing him Tit-Bits.)* Take this and sit down. Try and look as if we'd been waiting for them. (Henry *sits in the armchair and* Mrs. Slater *left of table. They read ostentatiously.* Victoria *ushers in* Ben *and* Mrs. Jordan. *The latter is a stout, complacent woman with an* ***impassive*** *and an irritating air of being always right. She is wearing a complete and deadly outfit of new mourning crowned by a great black hat with plumes.* Ben *is also in complete new mourning, with black gloves and a band round his hat. He is rather a jolly little man, accustomed to being humorous, but at present trying to adapt himself to the regrettable occasion. He has a bright, chirpy little voice.* Mrs. Jordan *sails into the room and solemnly goes straight to* Mrs. Slater *and kisses her. The men shake hands. Not a word is spoken.* Mrs. Slater *furtively inspects the new mourning.)*

Mrs. Jordan Well, Amelia, and he's gone at last.

Mrs. Slater Yes, he's gone. He was seventy-two a fortnight last Sunday.

(She sniffs back a tear. Mrs. Jordan *sits on the left of the table.* Mrs. Slater *on the right.* Henry *in the armchair.* Ben *on the sofa*

with Victoria *near him.)*

Ben *(chirpily)* Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse.

Mrs. Slater I don't see how.

Ben It might have been one of us.

Henry It's taken you a long time to get here, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't do it.

Mrs. Slater *(suspiciously)* Couldn't do what?

Mrs. Jordan I couldn't start without getting the mourning. *(Glancing at her sister.)*

Mrs. Slater We've ordered ours, you may be sure. *(Acidly)* I never could fancy buying ready-made things.

Mrs. Jordan No? For myself it's such a relief to get into the black. And now perhaps you'll tell us all about it. What did the doctor say?

Mrs. Slater Oh, he's not been near yet.

Mrs. Jordan Not been near?

Ben *(in the same breath)* Didn't you send for him at once?

Mrs. Slater Of course I did. Do you take me for a fool? I sent Henry at once for Dr. Pringle but he was out.

Ben You should have gone for another. Eh, Eliza?

Mrs. Jordan Oh, yes. It's a fatal mistake.

Mrs. Slater Pringle attended him when he was alive and Pringle shall attend him when he's dead. That's professional etiquette.

Ben Well, you know your own business best, but-

Mrs. Jordan Yes—it's a fatal mistake.

Mrs. Slater Don't talk so silly, Elizabeth. What good could a doctor have done?

Mrs. Jordan Look at the many cases of persons being restored to life hours after they were thought to be 'gone'.

Henry That's when they've been drowned. Your father wasn't drowned, Elizabeth.

Ben *(humorously)* There wasn't much fear of that. If there was one thing he couldn't bear it was water. *(He laughs, but no one else does.)*

Mrs. Jordan *(pained)* Ben! (*Ben is crushed at once.*)

Mrs. Slater *(piqued)* I'm sure he washed regular enough.

Mrs. Jordan If he did take a drop too much at times, we'll not dwell on that, now.

Mrs. Slater Father had been 'merry' this morning. He went out soon after breakfast to pay his insurance.

Ben It's a good thing he did.

Mrs. Jordan He always was thoughtful in that way. He was too honourable to have 'gone' without paying his premium.

Mrs. Slater Well, he must have gone round to the 'Rine-o'-Bells' afterwards, for he came in as merry as a sand boy. I say, 'We're only waiting Henry to start dinner'. 'Dinner', he says 'I don't want no dinner. I'm going to bed!'

Ben *(shaking his head)* Ah! Dear, dear.

Henry And when I came in I found him undressed sure enough and snug in bed.

(He rises and stands on the ***hearth*** *rug.)*

Mrs. Jordan *(definitely)* Yes, he'd had a 'warning'. I'm sure of that. Did he know you?

Henry Yes. He spoke to me.

Mrs. Jordan Did he say he'd had a 'warning'?

Henry No. He said, 'Henry, would you mind taking my boots off? I forgot before I got into bed'.

Mrs. Jordan He must have been wandering.

Henry No, he'd got' em on all right.

Mrs. Slater And when we'd finished dinner, I thought I'd take up a bit of something on a tray. He was lying there for all the world as if he was asleep, so I put the tray down on the bureau - (correcting herself) on the chest of drawers - and went to waken him. (A pause.) He was quite cold.

Henry Then I heard Amelia calling for me, and I ran upstairs.

Mrs. Slater Of course we could do nothing.

Mrs. Jordan He was 'gone'?

Henry There wasn't any doubt.

Mrs. Jordan I always knew he'd go sudden in the end. (A pause. They wipe their eyes and sniff back tears.)

Mrs. Slater (rising briskly at length in a business-like tone) Well, will you go up and look at him now, or shall we have tea?

Mrs. Jordan What do you say, Ben?

Ben I'm not particular.

Mrs. Jordan (surveying, the table) Well, then, if the kettle's ready we may as well have tea first.

(Mrs. Slater puts the kettle on the fire and gets tea ready.)

Henry One thing we may as well decide now; the announcement in the papers.

Mrs. Jordan I was thinking of that. What would you put?

Mrs. Slater At the residence of his daughter, 235 Upper Corn Bank Street, etc.

Henry You wouldn't care for a bit of poetry?

Mrs. Jordan I like 'Never Forgotten'. It's refined.

Henry Yes, but it's rather soon for that.

Ben You couldn't very well have forgot him the day after.

Mrs. Slater I always fancy, 'A loving husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend'.

Ben (doubtfully) Do you think that's right?

Henry I don't think it matters whether it's right or not.

Mrs. Jordan No, it's more for the look of the thing.

Henry I saw a verse in the Evening News yesterday. Proper poetry it was. It rhymed.

(He gets the paper and reads.)

"Despised and forgotten by some you may be
But the spot that contains you is sacred to we."

Mrs. Jordan That'll never do. You don't say 'scared to we'.

Henry It's in the paper.

Mrs. Slater You wouldn't say it if you were speaking properly, but it's different in poetry.

Henry Poetic license, you know.

Mrs. Jordan No, that'll never do. We want a verse that says how much we loved him and refers to all his good qualities and says what a heavy loss we've had.

Mrs. Slater You want a whole poem. That'll cost a good lot.

Mrs. Jordan Well, we'll think about it after tea, and then we'll look through his bits of things and make a list of them. There's all the furniture in his room.

Henry There's no jewellery or valuables of that sort.

Mrs. Jordan Except his gold watch. He promised that to our Jimmy.

Mrs. Slater Promised your Jimmy! I never heard of that.

Mrs. Jordan Oh, but he did, Amelia, when he was living with us. He was very fond of Jimmy.

Mrs. Slater Well. *(Amazed.)* I don't know!

Ben Anyhow, there's his insurance money. Have you got the receipt for the premium he paid this morning?

Mrs. Slater I've not seen it. (Victoria, *jumps up from the sofa and comes behind the table.)*

Victoria Mother, I don't think Grandpa went to pay his insurance this morning.

Mrs. Slater He went out.

Victoria Yes, but he didn't go into the town. He met old Mr. Tattersall down the street, and they went off past St. Philip's Church.

Mrs. Slater To the 'Ring-o'-Bells', I'll be bound.

Ben The -Ring-o'-Bells'?

Mrs. Slater That public-house that John Shorrock's widow keeps. He is always hanging about there. Oh, if he hasn't paid it –

Ben Do you think he hasn't paid it? Was it overdue?

Mrs. Slater I should think it was overdue.

Mrs. Jordan Something tells me he's not paid it. I've a 'warning', I know it; he's not paid it.

Ben The drunken old beggar.

Mrs. Jordan He's done it on purpose, just to annoy us.

Mrs. Slater After all I've done for him, having to put up with him in the house these three years. It's nothing short of swindling.

Mrs. Jordan I had to put up with him for five years.

Mrs. Slater And you were trying to turn him over to us all the time.

Henry But we don't know for certain that he's not paid the premium.

Mrs. Jordan I do. It's come over me all at once that he hasn't.

Mrs. Slater Victoria, run upstairs and fetch that bunch of keys that's on your

grandpa's dressing table.

Victoria *(timidly)* In Grandpa's room?

Mrs. Slater Yes.

Victoria I — I don't like to.

Mrs. Slater Don't talk so silly. There's no one can hurt you. (Victoria *goes out reluctantly.)* We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in the bureau.

Ben In where? In this thing? *(He rises and examines it.)*

Mrs. Jordan *(also rising)* Where did you pick that up, Amelia It's new since last I was here. *(They examine it closely.)*

Mrs. Slater Oh — Henry picked it up one day.

Mrs. Jordan I like it. It's artistic. Did you buy it at an auction?

Henry Eh! Where did I buy it, Amelia?

Mrs. Slater Yes, at an auction.

Ben *(disparagingly)* Oh, second-hand.

Mrs. Jordan Don't show your ignorance, Ben. All artistic things are second-hand. Look at those old masters. (Victoria *returns, very scared. She closes the door after her.)*

Victoria Mother! Mother!

Mrs. Slater What is it, child?

Victoria Grandpa's getting up.

Ben What?

Mrs. Slater What do you say?

Victoria Grandpa's getting up.

Mrs. Jordan The child's crazy.

Mrs. Slater Don't talk so silly. Don't you know your grandpa's dead?

Victoria No, no; he's getting up. I saw him. *(They are transfixed with amazement:* Ben *and* Mrs. Jordan *left.* Victoria *clings to* Mrs. Slater, *right of table;* Henry *near fireplace.)*

Mrs. Jordan You'd better go up and see for yourself, Amelia.

Mrs. Slater Here — come with me, Henry. (Henry *draws back terrified.)*

Ben *(suddenly)* Hist! Listen.

(They look at the door. A slight chuckling is heard outside. The door opens, revealing an old man clad in a faded but gay dressing-gown. He is in his stockinged feet. Although over seventy he is

vigorous and well coloured; his bright, ***malicious*** *eyes twinkle under his heavy, reddish-grey eyebrows. He is obviously either* Grandfather Abel Merryweather *or else his ghost.)*

Abel What's the matter with little Vicky? (He *sees* Ben *and* Mrs. Jordan.; Hello! What brings you here? How's yourself, Ben? (Abel *thrusts his hand at* Ben, *who skips back smartly and retreats with Mrs. Jordan to a safe distance below the sofa.)*

Mrs. Slater *(approaching* Abel *gingerly)* Grandfather, is that you? *(She pokes him with her hand to see if he is solid.)*

Abel Of course it's me. Don't do that, 'Melia. What the devil do you mean by this tomfoolery?

Mrs. Slater *(to the others)* He's not dead.

Ben Doesn't seem like it.

Abel *(irritated by the whispering)* You've kept away long enough, Lizzie; and now you've come you don't seem over-pleased to see me.

Mrs. Jordan You took us by surprise, father. Are you keeping quite well?

Abel *(trying to catch the words.)* Eh? What?

Mrs. Jordan Are you quite well?

Abel Aye, I'm right enough but for a bit of a headache. I wouldn't mind betting that I'm not the first in this house to be carried to the cemetery. I always think Henry there looks none too healthy.

Mrs. Jordan Well, I never! (Abel *crosses to the armchair and* Henry *gets out of his way to the front of the table.)*

Abel 'Melia, what the dickens did I do with my new slippers?

Mrs. Slater *(confused)* Aren't they by the hearth, grandfather?

Abel I don't see them. *(Observing Henry trying to remove the slippers.)* Why, you've got 'em on. Henry.

Mrs. Slater *(promptly)* I told him to put them on to stretch them; they were that new and hard. Now, Henry. (Mrs. Slater *snatches the slippers from* Henry *and gives them. to* Abel, *who puts them on and sits in armchair)*

Mrs. Jordan *(to Ben)* Well, I don't call that delicate, stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste. (Henry *goes up to the window and pulls up the blind* Victoria *runs across to* Abel *and sits on the floor at his feet.)*

Victoria Oh, Grandpa, I'm so glad you're not dead.

Mrs. Slater *(in a vindictive whisper)* Hold your tongue, Victoria.

Abel Eh? What's that? Who's gone dead?

Mrs. Slater *(Loudly)* Victoria says she's sorry about your head.

Abel Ah, thank you, Vicky, but I'm feeling better.

Mrs. Slater (*to* Mrs. Jordan) He's so fond of Victoria.

Mrs. Jordan *(to* Mrs. Slater) Yes; he's fond of our Jimmy, too.

Mrs. Slater You'd better ask him if he promised your Jimmy his gold watch.

Mrs. Jordan *(disconcerted)* I couldn't just now. I don't feel equal to it.

Abel Why, Ben, you're in mourning! And Lizzie too. And 'Melia, and Henry and little Vicky! Who's gone dead? It's someone in the family. *(He chuckles.)*

Mrs. Slater No one you know, father. A relation of Ben's.

Abel And what relation of Ben's?

Mrs. Slater His brother.

Ben (*to* Mrs. Slater) Hang it, I never had one.

Abel Dear, dear. And what was his name, Ben?

Ben *(at a loss)* Er - er. *(He crosses to front of table.)*

Mrs. Slater *(*R. *of table, prompting)* Frederick.

Mrs. Jordan *(*L. *of table, prompting)* Albert.

Ben Er — Fed Alb — Issac.

Abel Issac? And where did your brother Isaac die?

Ben In — er — in Australia.

Abel Dear, dear. He'd be older than you, eh?

Ben Yes, five years.

Abel Aye, aye. Are you going to the funeral?

Ben Oh, yes.

Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan No, no.

Ben No, of course not. (He retires to L.)

Abel *(rising)* Well, I suppose you've only been waiting for me to begin tea. I'm feeling hungry.

Mrs. Slater *(taking up the kettle)* I'll make tea.

Abel Come along, now; sit you down and let's be jolly.

(Abel *sits at the head of the fable, facing spectators.* Ben *and* Mrs. Jordan *on the left.* Victoria *brings a chair and sits by* Abel. Mrs. Slater *and* Henry *sit on the right. Both the women are next to* Abel.)

Mrs. Slater Henry, give grandpa some pie.

Abel Thank you. I'll make a start.

(He helps himself to bread and butter.) (Henry *serves the pie and* Mrs. Slater *pours out tea. Only* Abel *eats with any heartiness.)*

Ben Glad to see you've got an appetite, Mr. Merryweather, although you've not been so well.

Abel Nothing serious. I've been lying down for a bit.

Mrs. Slater Been to sleep, grandfather?

Abel No, I've not been to sleep.

Mrs. Slater Oh!

Abel (eating and drinking) I can't exactly call everything to mind, but I remember I was a bit dazed, like- I couldn't move an inch, hand or foot.

Ben And could you see and hear, Mr. Merryweather?

Abel Yes, but I don't remember seeing anything particular. Mustard Ben.

(Ben passes the mustard.)

Mrs. Slater Of course not, grandfather. It was all your fancy. You must have been asleep.

Abel *(snappishly)* I tell you I wasn't asleep. 'Melia. Damn it, I ought to know.

Mrs. Jordan Didn't you see Henry or Amelia come into the room?

Abel *(scratching his head)* Now let me think----

Mrs. Slater I wouldn't press him Elizabeth. Don't press him.

Henry I wouldn't worry him.

Abel *(suddenly recollecting)* Ay, begad! 'Melia and Henry, what the devil did you mean by shifting my bureau out of my bedroom? (Henry *and* Mrs. Slater *are speechless*). D' you hear me? Henry! 'Melia!

Mrs. Jordan What bureau was that, Father?

Abel Why, my bureau, the one I bought -----

Mrs. Jordan *(pointing to the bureau)* Was it that one, Father?

Abel Ah, that's it. What's it doing here? Eh? *(A pause. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes six. Everyone looks at it.)* Drat me if that isn't my clock too. What the devil's been going on in this house? *(A slight pause.)*

Ben Well, I'll be hanged.

Mrs. Jordan I'll tell you what's been going on in this house, Father. Nothing short or robbery.

Mrs. Slater Be quiet, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan I'll not be quiet. Oh, I call it double------faced.

Henry Not now, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan And you, too. Are you such a poor creature that you must do every dirty thing she tells you?

Mrs. Slater *(rising)* Remember where you are, Elizabeth.

Henry *(rising)* Come, come. No quarrelling.

Ben *(rising)* My wife's every right to speak her own mind.

Mrs. Slater Then she can speak it outside, not here.

Abel *(rising: thumping the table)* Damn it all, will some one tell me what's been going on?

Mrs. Jordan Yes, I will. I'll not see you robbed.

Abel Who's been robbing me?

Mrs. Jordan Amelia and Henry. They've stolen your clock and bureau. *(Working herself up.)* They sneaked into your room like a thief in the night and stole them after you were dead.

Henry and Mrs. Slater Hush! Quiet, Elizabeth!

Mrs. Jordan I'll not be stopped. After you were dead, I say.

Abel After who was dead?

Mrs. Jordan You.

Abel But I'm not dead.

Mrs. Jordan No, but they thought you were. (*A pause.* Abel *gazes round at them.*)

Abel Oho! So that's why you're all in black today. You thought I was dead. *(He chuckles.)* That was a big mistake. *(He sits and resumes his tea.)*

Mrs. Slater *(sobbing)* Grandfather.

Abel It didn't take you long to start dividing my things between you.

Mrs. Jordan No, father, you mustn't think that. Amelia was simply getting hold of them on her own account.

Abel You always were a keen one, Amelia. I suppose you thought the will wasn't fair.

Henry Did you make a will?

Abel Yes, it was locked up in the bureau.

Mrs. Jordan And what was in it, father?

Abel That doesn't matter now. I'm thinking of destroying it and making another.

Mrs. Slater *(sobbing)* Grandfather, you'll not be hard on me.

Abel I'll trouble you for another cup of tea, 'Melia; two lumps and plenty of milk.

Mrs. Slater With pleasure. Grandfather. *(She pours out the tea.)*

Abel I don't want to be hard on anyone. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Since your mother died, I've lived part of the time with you, 'Melia, and part with you, Lizzie. Well, I shall make a new will, leaving all my bits of things to whomever I'm living with when I die. How does that strike you?

Henry It's a bit of a lottery, like.

Mrs. Jordan And who do you intend to live with from now?

Abel *(drinking his tea)* I'm just coming to that.

Mrs. Jordan You know, father, it's quite time you came to live with us again. We'd make you very comfortable.

Mrs. Slater No, he's not been with us as long as he was with you.

Mrs. Jordan I may be wrong, but I don't think father will fancy living on with you after what's happened today.

Abel So you'd like to have me again, Lizzie?

Mrs. Jordan You know we're ready for you to make your home with us for a long you please.

Abel What do you say to that, 'Melia?

Mrs. Slater All I can say is that Elizabeth's changed her mind in the last two years. *(Rising).* Grandfather, do you know what the quarrel

between us was about?

Mrs. Jordan Amelia, don't be a fool; sit down.

Mrs. Slater No, if I'm not to have him, you shan't either. We quarrelled because Elizabeth said she wouldn't take you off our hands at any price. She said she'd enough of you to last a lifetime, and we'd got to keep you.

Abel It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me.

Mrs. Slater If I've done anything wrong. I'm sure I'm sorry for it.

Mrs. Jordan And I can't say more than that, too.

Abel It's a bit late to say it, now. You neither of you cared to put up with me.

Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan No, no grandfather.

Abel Aye, you both say that because of what I've told you about leaving my money. Well, since you don't want me I'll go to someone that does.

Ben Come Mr. Merryweather, you've got to live with one of your daughters.

Abel I'll tell you what I've got to do. On Monday next I've got to do three things. I've got to go to the lawyer's and alter my will; and I've got to go to the insurance office and pay my premium; and I've got to go to St. Philip's Church and get married.

Ben and Henry What!

Mrs. Jordan Get married!

Mrs. Slater He's out of his senses. (General consternation.)

Abel I say I'm going to get married.

Mrs. Slater Who to?

Abel To Mrs. John Shorrocks who keeps the 'Ring-o' -Bells. We've had it fixed up a good while now, but I was keeping it for a pleasant surprise. (He rises.) I felt I was a bit of a burden to you, so I found someone who'd think it a pleasure to look after me. We shall be very glad to see you at the ceremony. *(He gets to*

the door.) Till Monday, then. Twelve o' clock at St. Philip's Church. (Opening the door.) It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, 'Melia. It'll be handier to carry across to the 'Ring-o' -Bells on Monday. *(He goes out.)*